

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Large Cities Show a Healthy Growth



WASHINGTON.—The census returns on the large cities of the country are now complete. The figures show that most of them have had a healthy growth during the ten years since the last census was made, but some of them have fallen out of the places they occupied then and their places have been taken by other cities.

Of the many that have tried, in the past ten years, to climb into the 100,000 class, only five have succeeded. Among the ten largest cities there has been only one important change of position. Baltimore has lost sixth place to Cleveland. Baltimore's population, as officially stated, is 558,485, while Cleveland has 560,663. The gain in Baltimore over 1900 was 9.7 per cent.

A comparison of 20 cities in the 100,000 class shows that the aggregate population is 13,596,519, as against 10,375,012 in 1900 and 7,904,140 in 1890.

The fact is noted that the high rate of increase is not confined to any one geographical section. Of seven cities whose rate exceeded 40 per cent, two, Newark, N. J., and Bridgeport, Conn., are eastern; one, Atlanta, is southern, and four, Detroit, Denver, Kansas City and Columbus, are western. Of the two cities with the lowest rate, one is eastern and the other is western.

The rates of increase for Atlanta, Detroit, Denver and Kansas City are phenomenally high, but most extraordinary is the high percentage for New York, which exceeds the average of 28 cities by 11.4 per cent, and is itself exceeded only by the rates of seven cities.

Fifty-four cities of between 25,000 and 100,000 show an aggregate population of 2,723,498, as against 1,901,766 in 1900, a gain of 43.2 per cent, which the census bureau pronounces "phenomenally high." Thirty-one of these cities show a higher rate of increase for the past decade than for the previous one. No decrease is noted in any one of the cities.

Of the larger cities the gain of St. Louis during the decade was greater proportionately than that of Boston, its nearest competitor, while Kansas City is in twentieth place on the face of the returns. Kansas City has jumped ahead of Providence, R. I., and Indianapolis, Ind., Providence falling behind Indianapolis, which it led in 1900.

Uncle Sam's Health Zone Far Spread



THE activities of the public health and marine hospital service, to which is intrusted most of the general work of guarding the country against contagion from abroad and preventing its spread at home, form the topic of a paper by Surgeon General Wyman in the public health report.

The document was prepared for the American Public Health Association which recently met at Milwaukee. This organization is composed of representatives from Canada, Mexico and Cuba, as well as from the United States, and the paper was regarded as of especial interest to them.

Beginning with "the utmost circumference of the influence of the organization," Doctor Wyman tells of the protective measures at foreign ports. He shows that medical officers of the bureau are located in most of the sea-coast cities of Asia and South and Central America, and at some of those of Europe. The service also is liberally represented in Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philippines.

In addition to keeping themselves and the home office informed regarding the prevalence of cholera, yellow

fever, smallpox, typhus and plague, these officials are required to inspect American-bound vessels and to issue bills of health, without which the vessels might not enter American ports. During the last fiscal year they inspected 16,764 vessels and examined 1,432,134 passengers. On board ship the regulations of these officials follow the immigrant, requiring proper cleanliness and ventilation, and when the vessel arrives in the United States it is met by another set of health service officers on duty either to enforce quarantine rules or to assist the immigration officials in their work.

In the latter capacity the public health men last year examined 1,280,000 immigrants, certifying 30,000 of these as defective either mentally or physically.

The paper also abounds in facts relative to the work of the bureau in preventing the spread of infectious diseases from one state to another under the quarantine law, making special reference to the work in connection with recent yellow-fever epidemics and the plague infection on the Pacific coast of a few years ago.

It was under the direction of this service that 255,110 rats and 118,335 ground squirrels were destroyed, because of the supposition that these animals were largely responsible for the spread of this disease.

The maintenance of the service costs the United States \$2,000,000 annually.

Political Pot Is Boiling Furiously



REPORTS coming into Washington from all over the country tell how the seething political pot is furiously boiling. In New York, Indiana, Nebraska and Missouri the politicians are especially busy.

The New York state Republican convention was a triumph for Colonel Roosevelt. He was the temporary champion, defeating Vice-President Sherman. That was the first rout of the regulars. He won a spectacular fight for the adoption of the platform of the progressives; he put through his state and the close of the convention found the Roosevelt forces in complete control of the situation. Henry L. Sisson of New York city, Roosevelt's man, was nominated for governor.

In his speech distinguishing between a leader and a boss, he said: "He who is to lead, leads." He then proceeded to "lead" the convention to do everything that he wanted it to do.

The platform as adopted contained a plank endorsing the administration of President Taft and that of Governor Hughes and commending the wisdom of the president in choosing Hughes for the supreme court bench.

The keynote of the Indiana campaign was sounded by Senator Beveridge in a speech at Indianapolis. He was merciless to the interests, which he says have been controlling legislation for years. He defied the corporate interests to pollute the voters of Indiana. He favored the revision of the tariff by genuine tariff commission. He gave Roosevelt credit for inaugurating the conservation movement.

Mayor J. C. Dahlgren of Omaha, candidate for governor of Nebraska, responding to rumors about his early career, gave out a statement that he shot his brother-in-law in Texas for deserting his sister, fled the state and assumed the name in Nebraska of Jim Murray. The man he shot did not die. The only law he knew, he says, was the law of the pistol and the quick hand. "I got to be pretty tough, I admit it," he says. "The country was full of maverick cattle and no one was a better hand with the rope, chasing down these strays and putting the branding iron on them."

Missouri Democrats opened their campaign at Joplin, with Bryan, Folger, Francis, Reed and Stone as leaders and orators. Addresses were delivered afternoon and evening and the crowds were greater than the capacity of the meeting places.

Our Wood Fuel Bill Is \$250,000,000



FIREWOOD valued at \$250,000,000 is used every year by the people of the United States, according to the latest estimate of the forestry service. Our forefathers used considerably more wood, but coal to a great extent has supplanted it as a fuel.

Little attention has been paid to the amount of wood used for fuel purposes. In 1880 the census estimated that at that time there were nearly 146,000,000 cords, valued at approximately \$222,000,000, or \$2.21 a cord, used for fuel annually.

The population then was a little over 50,000,000. Since then the population has increased to over 85,000,000, but the use of wood for fuel has decreased not only in per capita consumption, but also in total quantity. A little more than 20,000,000 cords of wood in all forms is used in the United States each year, and of this 7,000,000 cords, or about 80,000,000 cords, is firewood.

Of the total estimated consumption of firewood 70,000,000 cords, or 81.4 per cent, was used in towns and cities with a population of from 1,000 to 25,000; 1,616,000 cords, or 1.9 per cent, in cities of over 25,000 people.

BRITISH COLUMBIA'S NEW EL Dorado



BETTER CREEK, 17 miles from Stewart City, British Columbia, is a new mining district that has been attracting great numbers of gold seekers, and though it has not fulfilled the high hopes raised by the first reports, a good many prospectors already have made their fortunes. There are now about 3,000 persons in the place, which is a typical western mining camp.

PENN, THE RAMBLER

Hobo Rounds Out 550,374th Mile in Beating It Into Chicago

Peregrinator, Who Never Pays Railroad Fare, Starts Southward—Antagonized Harriman by Cross-Country Achievement.

Chicago.—Penn, the Rapid Rambler, blew into Chicago the other day and announced that he had just completed his 550,374th mile of travel. To see his work of the world as this mileage indicates has cost the Rambler just \$12.77 in railroad fares. You see, the Rambler never got into the habit of paying his way when he could help it. Many a train has pulled out of Chicago since May 4, 1891, when Penn took to the road, with Penn as a passenger, but he has never appeared upon the bill of lading nor has any conductor ever collected fare from him.

Penn is a hobo de luxe. He has beaten his way over all the railroads in this country and he has ridden in and on every part of a train except the smokestack, the boiler and the bell.

He says he was born with itching feet. He is 27 years old and has been "on the bum" ever since that night in May when he jumped out of a window of his home in Pittsburgh and boarded a west-bound freight. Since that time he has been around the world three times, he says, and has crossed the United States so many times he has lost count.

He is christened Frank C. Welch, but he is known as "Penn, the Rambler," to every trainman on the continent. His moniker appears on every water tank between New York and

Frisco and Duluth and New Orleans. All along the line of the Mexican Central, clear down into Yucatan, one may see that same mon de road, "Penn the Rambler," with an arrow drawn through and the direction of his wanderings below.

Penn was in the railroad yards at Grand Island, Neb., one day, carving his moniker on the side of a boxcar. A short man walked up to him, eyed his artistic efforts for a moment, and then snapped: "Hey, you! What are you trying to do to my cars?"

Penn told him.

The man laughed. "Why, I've seen that same signature all over my system."

"Your system?" exclaimed the Rambler.

Then the little man introduced himself as E. H. Harriman. He questioned the Rambler for a few moments as to the time a man "on the bum" can make. Penn told him he would undertake to ride from Boston to San Francisco in ten days without paying a cent for fare.

A crowd of railroad officials, who had overheard the boast, quickly made up a purse of \$1,000 to be given to the Rambler should he make good. Penn took it to Boston, got one of the officials to call the time—and showed up at the Frisco office of the Southern Pacific just eight days, one hour and fifty minutes later, to claim the money, he says.

"I'm not a panhandler," said the Rambler yesterday. "I work at anything I can find for money to eat and sleep on. But I don't pay railroad fares."

The Rambler got into Chicago from the Northwest via Milwaukee. He pulled out the other night for Indianapolis, on the Big Four road, bound south.

BURGLAR WAS LITTLE PUPPY

Little Animal Stole Clothing, Shoes and \$180 and Then Hid Them Under House.

Long Beach, Cal.—A young burglar, whose thefts during the last few months have included a pair of celadon shoes, a silver backed clothes brush, a small silk coat and other articles of value, including a draft for \$180, was not punished when caught, but was taken into arms by Mrs. Horace Ripley, of East Nelson street, whose harshest reproach was merely, "Now, wasn't that cute?"

The thief was a little curly haired puppy. He made a cache under the house, reaching the chosen spot through a hole too small for a large dog to enter. The mystery of the disappearance of the draft was solved by following the claw given by a neighbor's child, which led to the apprehension of the thief.

Many articles, whose disappearance Mrs. Ripley had reported to the police, had been recovered to the police house. The draft, recovered intact, fell into the pup's possession through a gust of wind, blowing it from a table to the floor.

Students Bar Hobbie Skirts.

St. Paul, Minn.—The first pronounced hobbie skirt made its appearance on the University of Minnesota campus the other day. It was bound just above the ankles by a band of velvet ribbon drawn so tight that the wearer could scarcely move. In addition to stars from every one she received plenty of advice, mainly intimating that she go home and put the dress out of existence. With a red face and angry tears she made for the car line after remarking that "the students were the rudest things" and that she would never wear the dress again.

IDEAS FROM SWISS FARMERS

American Agriculturists May Get Much Valuable Information at Coming Exhibition.

Berne.—Switzerland has just perfected plans for an exhibition that will interest Americans, particularly those who are feeling the stress of the high cost of living in the cities, and the listening to the call of "back to the farm." Especially will the exhibition appeal to those who are considering the reoccupation of the abandoned farms of New England; for if there is a country anywhere on earth that could teach the art and mountain valley, farmer of any other country how to wrest a living from the soil, it is Switzerland.

In Switzerland farming has been conducted on the intensive principle for centuries; all sorts and conditions of soils, locations, and even climates had to be dealt with to provide a hardy people with a livelihood. This

WHAT MAINE OWES TO SPRUCE

Tree Long Displaced by Pine, Now Building Cities Where Once Forests Stood.

Bangor, Me.—The swarms of visitors who come to Maine in summer and the thousands of sportsmen who come in autumn bring a great deal of money into the state, and some statisticians have declared that from these two classes is derived a greater revenue than from any one of the state's great industries. But while the summer visitors and the sportsmen are a great financial help to Maine, their presence is of small importance compared with the spruce tree.

While it was the pine that made possible the prosperous West India trade and built up Maine's shipping in the days before the Civil war, it never in all the years of its pre-eminence accomplished half so much for the land of its birth as the coarse-grained spruce. For while the pine built ships and individual fortunes had made West India run as cheap as cider all along the seaboard, the spruce has built towns in the midst of the wilderness, like Rumford Falls and Millinocket; brought outside millions of capital to Maine and given popular literature an amazing boom.

Millinocket, on the west branch of the Penobscot, is one of the spruce towns. A few years ago it consisted of a flag station and one Indian hut. The Indian murdered a Spaniard and was sent to state's prison, and the hut was burned, leaving only the flag station and the man who tended it. Then a big paper corporation looked the ground over, saw a fine chance to make pulp, and built an immense mill. Then came the town. It is called "the magic city," because it came into existence so suddenly.

The pulp and paper mill, which eats up about 60,000,000 feet of logs yearly, employs in one capacity or another about 1,000 men, and there are in the town 2,500 people. Where bears and moose roamed a dozen years ago there are now streets lined with stores, dwellings, schoolhouses, hotels and churches, and lighted with electricity.

When the original settler, the Indian, murdered his chance guest, the Spaniard, reporters who went up from Bangor to see about it had to make a meal on salted pig's shoulder and salacious bluet at the flag station of the railroad. Now they have at Millinocket a hotel where the English language is considered inadequate to describe all the dishes on the dinner bill.

Today they have at Millinocket about everything in the way of conveniences that can be found in any small city, and are shipping 275 tons of paper daily, the brass band plays almost every night, prohibition has as hard luck as it has everywhere, and the spruce trees did it all.

Recover Valuable Book. Paw Paw, Mich.—A copy of the Weems "Life of Washington," which Abraham Lincoln read by the light of a tallow candle, has been recovered from a paper mill at Kalamazoo by E. Salesburg of this place. Salesburg loaned the volume, worth \$2,000, to Prof. J. O'Leary of the local schools and in some way it was placed among a pile of discarded books and papers and sold to a ragman. The paper mill it was discovered by an employee sorting rags, who sold it to a Kalamazoo man for almost nothing. Salesburg recovered it from this man, paying him \$50.

Pennsylvania Farmer Believes That Weed Keeps His Flock Free From Infection.

Montrose, Pa.—Pennsylvania has sheep that chew tobacco. This does not mean that the source of all mutton calmly enters the crossroads store and calls for a plug or wants a package of snuff. These sheep take their tobacco in a more primitive form, but are said to look upon it as being a luxury as much as the veriest tobacco user in the land.

These unusual animals are the property of a farmer of Montrose, who is reported to have taken home a whole wagonload of tobacco stems to feed his sheep and lambs.

He says that in the spring he always gives them some of the weed, that it keeps away certain infections to which they are subject in the springtime, and that the animals become very fond of the stems, taking a full-sized chew

LAW TO SAVE BIRDS

Audubon Society Enlisting Many for Federal Legislation.

Prediction by Ornithologists and Conservation Congress Action Stirs Efforts to Save Feathered Tribes.

New York.—Following the recent recommendation for federal protection of migratory birds by the National Conservation congress at St. Paul, farmers, sportsmen and land-owners throughout the country are today joining in a general movement to urge Uncle Sam to conserve his valuable feathered resources. Under the leadership of the National Association of Audubon Societies it is planned to enlist every man who tills an acre or carries a gun, as well as every bird lover. In this campaign for the preservation of the insect and rodent eating and game birds of the nation. Unless migratory bird life is soon made safe from one end of the country to the other by a uniform protective statute leading ornithologists predict the speedy extermination of many species.

From delegates in every section of the continent reports are being received at headquarters of the Audubon organization here which show strong sentiment for the federal bird grant. A plank in the platform of the St. Paul congress, irrespective of party politics, it is declared that the people of every locality now stand ready to urge Congress for legislation to protect the birds now being destroyed through lack of uniformity in state laws.

The recent action of the National Conservation congress is a practical endorsement of the principles contained in the Weeks bill, now pending at Washington, which gives the federal government authority to regulate the killing of migratory game and "non-game" birds.

No interference with state laws for strictly resident birds would be involved in federal protection, according to authorities consulted by leaders of the movement, when the interests of the people of every section of the country would be served by proper protection of the migratory flocks upon which depend the nation's agricultural prosperity.

The National Association of Audubon Societies has succeeded in urging 27 states to protect their insect-eating birds by timely adequate laws, but these may be changed on the impulse of any succeeding legislature. William Datcher, president of the organization, declared that in federal protection alone lay the hope for America in preserving her commercial valuable bird species.

Fasting Reduces Weight. Kittinghams, Pa.—By fasting for four weeks William George has succeeded in reducing his weight 40 pounds. George weighed 200 pounds. For four continuous weeks he did not touch food and lived by drinking quantities of water.

Smith with his squad rode into their camp and demanded their surrender and opened fire on them. Those that did not surrender took to the woods and left their horses, and those running the mill rushed out to see what the commotion was, only to find the mill yard in possession of Co. A. Some surrendered; others started to run, which was the wrong thing to do, as they exposed themselves to the fire of our revolvers.

Capt. Henry, in command of the Confederates, had been captured at Arkansas Post some time before, and had just been exchanged. He had ridden in from the main camp, and might have made his escape had he known the situation. I saw he was surrounded, so called to him to surrender, which he did.

It was then about 5 o'clock in the evening, and a heavy rain storm was brewing, which I have always thought was our salvation. The lieutenant called us together, and gave us orders to set fire to their camp, get all the horses ready, detail a guard for the prisoners and be ready to march in the quickest time possible.

I gathered up a firebrand out of their campfire, and started in the first tent in the line, and kicked up the straw and applied the torch.

In a few moments we were on the march, and by this time the rain was falling in torrents. The lieutenant, instead of starting towards the Bluffs, started on the road to the main rebel camp, but only followed it until we were out of sight of the houses that surrounded the mill, and then took to the woods again. We made another circuit back around the mill, and struck the Bluff road three or four miles north of the mill, getting there just at dark.

We got into Pine Bluffs the next morning about 1 o'clock.

STORIES OF CAMP AND WAR

CAPTURE SMALL GRIST MILL

Detachment of Missouri Cavalry Make Raid and Bag Lot of Rebels and Horses.

Our three years' service expired Aug. 2, 1864, and on the 17th Lieut. Groves, in command of 14 men of Co. A and 12 of Co. B, 7th Mo. Cav., left Pine Bluffs, Ark., at daylight on a secret march of 32 miles south to a grist mill, which Gen. Clayton was anxious to know whether the rebels were operating. We were guided by Columbus Marr, who lived in the neighborhood of the mill. He was loyal and brave.

About noon we stopped back of a field, where the guide's mother, a widow, lived, and about three miles from the mill. As soon as our horses were reined we started for the mill through the timber. We had not gone far until we could hear the throbbing of the engine, writes W. H. Craven, sergeant Co. A, 7th Mo. Cav., of Milton, Iowa, in National Tribune. We went within 80 rods of the mill, when the lieutenant concealed the command in a thicket and gave us orders to remain quiet until his return. He and the guide left.

In about an hour they returned, having gone inside the rebel camp to a house which was not more than 200 yards from the mill, occupied by a Union family. As our guide was personally acquainted with the family and knew he could trust them, he had one of the girls go to the mill under the use of having some milling done, and get all the information she could in regard to the location of their camp and the number of soldiers there, which she did.

The lieutenant called us around him and said: "Gen. Clayton sent me to find out whether or not the rebels were running the mill, which they are. There are 100 men running and guarding it; there are 70 now at the mill and 30 on a scout between here and Pine Bluffs, and have started since noon. Two miles south of the mill is their main camp, occupied by 4,000 infantry and cavalry, with two sections of artillery. I have fulfilled my mission. It is up to you if we go any farther."

A tall, lank fellow by the name of Nicholas straightened himself up, and said: "Lieutenant, we don't want to use ourselves up like we did today without getting one shot." "All right," said the lieutenant; "mount your horses."

We were now about 80 rods northeast of the mill, and their camp was 300 southwest. We made a circuit until we were almost west of their camp and about 200 yards from it, when we halted, and the lieutenant told Sergt. Smith of Co. B, to take 12 men of his company and charge the camp, and he would take the 14 from Co. A, and charge the mill, and give me orders to take those left of Co. A and not come into the mill yard until all of the men were in.

The rebels were surprised, and did not discover our presence until Sergt.



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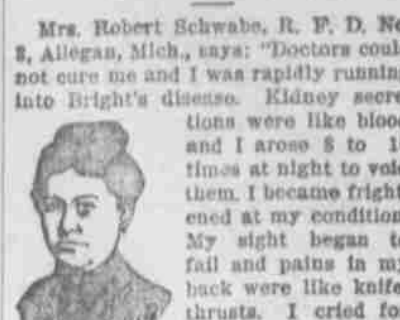
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TERRIBLE SUFFERING ENDED

How An Allegan, Mich., Woman Regained Her Health.



Mrs. Robert Schwabe, R. F. D. No. 2, Allegan, Mich., says: "Doctors could not cure me and I was rapidly running into Bright's disease. Kidney secretions were like blood and I arose 5 to 10 times at night to void them. I became frightened at my condition. My sight began to fail and pains in my back were like knife thrusts. I cried for hours, unable to control my nerves. After I started using Doan's Kidney Pills, I began to feel better and soon I was cured. I am a living testimonial of their merit." Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers, 50 cents a box.

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

LEFT TO A WORSE FATE

Dynamiter, Himself a Married Man, Knew What Awaited Forgetful Husband.

The business man was sitting in his office, thinking of starting for home when a suspicious looking person came in with a leather bag in his hand.

"If you don't give me \$25," said the visitor, coming at once to the point, "I will drop this on the floor."

The business man was cool. "What is it?" he asked.

"Dynamite," was the brief reply.

"What will it do if you drop it?" "Blow you up."

"Drop it!" was the instant command. "My wife told me when I left home this morning to be sure and send up a bag of flour, and I forgot it. I guess it will take just about as much dynamite as you have there to prepare me for the blowing up I'll get when she sees me!"

He threw himself back in his chair and waited for the explosion, but it did not come.

"I'm a married man myself," said the dynamiter, and quietly slipped out.—Illustrated Bits.

Popularity of Thais.

"Every other young actress is calling herself Thai," said Henry E. Dixey at a dinner at Maudie's. "Thais McGinnis, Thais Eudicot, Thais Schmidt—the thing is universal."

"Universal and ridiculous," for they who have read Anatole France's story of "Thais" know that she was a very naughty little girl, indeed. I am quite sure that no real reader of Thais would ever, under any circumstances, consent to be called such a name.

"It makes me think of a man who, taking his infant daughter to be baptized, told the clergyman to call her Venus."

"But I refuse to call her Venus," said the clergyman, indignantly. "Venus is the name of a pagan goddess." "Well, how about your own girl, Diana?" said the man.

The Place of Honor.

Farmer Hodge was of the good, old-fashioned school, and he always gave a feast to his hands at harvest time. It was harvest time and the feast was about to commence.

Giles was the oldest hand and the hostess, with beaming cordiality, motioned him to the seat by her right hand. But Giles remained silently unresponsive.

"Come," said the hostess, "don't be bashful, Mr. Giles"—he was just Giles on ordinary occasions—"you've a right to the place of honor, you know." Giles deliberated a moment, then spoke.

"Thank you kindly, Mrs. Hodge," he said, "but if it's all the same to you, I'd rather sit opposite this piddler!"

May Sell 100,000,000 Red Cross Seals. Twenty-five million Red Cross Christmas seals have been printed and are being distributed by the American Red Cross, and arrangements have been made to print 100,000,000 if necessary. It is expected that this number will be needed. While the sticker is perforated like those used last year, it is intended for use only as a seal on the back of letters. The seal is one inch square with the conventional Red Cross in the center and the words, "Merry Christmas, Happy New Year, American Red Cross" in a circle about it. The colors are red and green. The design is by Mrs. Gulon Thompson, of Waterbury, Conn., who received \$100 as a prize for her sketch.

COFFEE WAS IT. People Slowly Learn the Facts.

"All my life I have been such a slave to coffee that the very aroma of it was enough to set my nerves quivering. I kept gradually losing my health but I used to say 'Nonsense, it don't hurt me.'"

"Slowly I was forced to admit the truth and the final result was that my whole nervous force was shattered. My heart became weak and uncertain in its action and that frightened me. Finally my physician told me, about a year ago, that I must stop drinking coffee or I could never expect to be well again."

"I was in despair for the very thought of the medicines I had tried so many times nauseated me. I thought of Postum but could hardly bring myself to give up the coffee."

"Finally I concluded that I owed it to myself to give Postum a trial. So I got a package and carefully followed the directions, and what a delicious, nourishing, rich drink it was! Do you know I found it very easy to shift from coffee to Postum and not mind the change at all?"

"Almost immediately after I made the change I found myself better, and as the days went by I kept on improving. My nerves grew sound and steady, I slept well and felt strong and well-balanced all the time."

"Now I am completely cured, with the old nervousness and sickness all gone. In every way I am well once more."

It pays to give up the drink that acts on some like a poison, for health is the greatest fortune one can have. Read the little book, "The Road to Well-Being," in plain, "There's a Reason."